SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Methodist Conference recently held in Philadelphia placed on record a formal protest against Sunday camp-meetings.

—The widow of J. E. B. Stuart, the Confederate cavalry leader, has been elected Principal of the Virginia Female Institute at Staunton.

—It is a suggestive and striking fact that the people of the Sandwich Islands contribute annually for missionary purposes outside their territories $24,000. Some churches average more than four dollars per member. One church sustains five foreign missionaries.

—The St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association is enjoying such prosperity as to need a new house. The necessity of the Union Methodist Church to sell was the Association's opportunity to buy. The price paid was $37,000, a part of which remains on mortgage.

—Drew Seminary was short $500,000 on its endowment fund, owing to the failure of Uncle Daniel Drew in 1876. Vigorous efforts and special church collections have made good about $280,000 of this. The work of raising money goes on, and the brethren in charge of it hope to gather the complete half million.

—In Persia the famine has been very severe among the Christian familes of Oroomiah and the vicinity. Missionary Shedd writes that 1,200 of these families report scantiness of supplies, and that 500 are suffering dreadfully. The special famine fund thus far amounts to $2,130. The Missionary station at Oroomiah is $1,800 in debt. Pecuniary assistance is earnestly asked for.

—The Baltimore School Board has passed a resolution to try as an experiment the employment of colored teachers in the two colored public schools, at the same time directing the Superintendent of schools to note the relative progress of the pupils in said schools with those of similar schools in which white teachers are employed. This action gives great satisfaction to the colored people of the city.

—The Rev. Theodore Monod, a prominent Protestant Pastor of Paris, has been deputed by a French missionary society to visit the United States this spring, to represent the present condition and needs of Protestanism in France, and to obtain help for the evangelization of Paris and other parts of that country. M. Monod studied theology in the United States.

—Boston school-children are doubtless in a state of blissful anticipation—the younger ones, at least. Reading-books have been introduced by the committee which consist of popular fairy tales, selected stories from the Arabian Nights, and poetry for children. The volumes have clear type and attractive engravings—just such books as will charm the eye and mind of the young folks.

—The oldest living Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church is the Archbishop of Tuam, who has just entered his ninetieth year; and he still sails about the wild isles in his diocese, carrying his crozier and preaching in the native tongue. He holds his crowded stations on the hill-sides, and takes care of the politics of his archiepiscopal province. He is understood to be arranging his papers and his literary notes for publication after his death.

—Presbyterian clergymen are wanted in Dakota. The Chairman of a Committee on Supplies thus defines the requirements: "The men wanted are such as can preach acceptably to professional men of decided mark; who are sagacious enough to see wants and opportunities, and wise enough to enlist men and means for all emergencies that can arise. Organizing and executive ability are needed, with scholarly culture and evangelistic zeal." Nothing is said about salaries, however, though the following is a sentence in the official advertisement: "To such the richest rewards are at hand—if successful labor is a pleasure, grand opportunities and aspiration, and rapid results of effort put forth a compensation." Address the Rev. D. C. Lyon, St. Paul, Minn.

Growth of Plants.

A recent free evening lecture at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street, London, was given by Mr. Francis Darwin, M. D., a son of the well known naturalist. The growth of a plant, the lecturer said might be likened to the growth of a snowball set rolling down a snow-covered hillside. Both plant and snowball grew in size by the addition of matter; but while, if the bulb of a hyacinth were placed in water and kept in the dark, it would grow in the ordinary sense of the word, in reality the plant would merely have taken stuff out of the bulb and arranged it in a different way, whereas in the growth of an oak tree from an acorn a quantity of new stuff was formed. These instances of growth suggested the questions, first, how a bulb or bean rearranged its matter in forming a plant, and, secondly, how all the new material was obtained that went to form a tree? He intended on that occasion to speak of only one half of the question: How the plant in growing arranged its material? First, it was necessary to know what a plant was made of. If one hundred pounds weight of some growing plant were taken, say turnips, and the water driven off by drying, it will be found that the weight would have decreased by ninety pounds, and that the solid, woody part remaining, about ten pounds in weight, would nearly all burn away, leaving but a few ashes. In order to give some idea of the way in which this large quantity of water was held in the plant, Dr. Darwin compared the effect of water on dead matter, such as tea leaves or leather, with the effect of giving water to a growing plant—the stiff, dry leaves became limp and soft, while the drooping, flaccid stem of a living plant, when watered, became stiff and elastic. How could the plant build up a strong, stiff stem with so much of so unstable a material as water, and how did the water become a source of strength to the plant? To understand this they must know how the water was contained in the plant. The solid material was formed into little cavities, and these—an infinite number of little boxes, as it might be—were filled with water. The way in which the water might become a source of strength could be seen by forcing water into a flexible tube or bladder, or by blowing air into an empty glove. The pressure of the water contained within caused the walls of the cells to become stiff. There were other ways, too, in which this stiffness was obtained, the water getting into the texture of the woody stuff and stiffening it as water stiffened sailcloth. This state of things existed also in the pith, and each cell, being over-filled with water, was forever trying to lengthen itself. Some of the results of these conditions in the plant were then explained by the use of two pieces of spiral spring, and for a more familiar example the audience were referred to the effect of splitting a dandelion stem. Each half curled over outward because the more elastic pith, trying to lengthen itself, was prevented from expanding on one side by the less elastic bark. With two pieces of spiral spring in a linen tube it was next explained how, when the pressure of water in the cells in the two halves of the pith was not equal, the stem did not grow straight. Not that plants bent accidentally or in a purposeless manner. On the contrary, when the plant bent it was with some distinct and useful object. To the explanation of this point, the rest of the lecture was directed. The direction and forms which the root and stem of a young growing plant might take were happily illustrated with a piece of whitened lead pipe of small bore put through a cork, which did duty for the bean. A great many theories had been offered to account for the fact that the root always tried to grow toward, and the stem away from the center of earth. Having related Andrew Knight's ingenious experiment with a revolving wheel, by which, with centrifugal force, as a substitute for gravity, the plant was deceived and the direction of growth in seedlings was changed, the lecturer next dealt with the influence of light and damp on the growth of a plant. The stem was invariably shot out or bent aside in order to get at the light, and the root, with equal persistency and certainty, was sent to find moisture. It would have been noticed, Mr. Darwin said in conclusion, that he had, throughout, spoken of plants perceiving the light, and knowing where the center of the earth was, and had used other expressions of a similar kind, usually only applied to animals. He had done so with no idea of being paradoxical, but because he thought that by thinking of plants in this way we were more likely to learn what was going on within them. If we would understand the actions of an animal, we must know what was useful or not useful for that life, and it was quite as necessary to consider in the life of a plant of what use its actions were, and, in a certain sense, why it acted in a particular way.

Drones in the Human Hives.

Emphatically the man who does nothing, either by his hands or his brain, to improve the condition of mankind, and who tries only to gratify selfish purposes, has lived to but little purpose. The humblest laborer that digs in the dirt and breaks the stone is more to be honored than such a man. A man of wealth who uses that wealth to improve his country, to reward labor and to benefit his fellow-man is worthy of all praise, and deserves our warmest thanks; but he who lives on the interest of his money, though it be counted by millions, and contributes nothing to the general welfare through earnest effort, is a mere drone in the human hive, and will, when he passes away, leave behind him the most valuable part—his money. Such a person never realizes the immense accumulation of effort, of skill and money necessary in carrying out successfully any manufacturing or business enterprise which, when properly consummated, will produce such far-reaching benefits in any community. The radical wrong in this illustration is too far back to be of any use to hint at reform, but for the principles which we wish to elucidate it has served our purpose. The difference between the man whose interest alone supports him and the man who labors early and late on the farm, in the manufactory, at the desk, in mercantile pursuits, professions or in following the lead of inventive genius cannot at all be estimated by comparing one with the other. While the first has been aptly compared to the drone, the latter, including all producing industries, should be styled the Nation's benefactors. What creates wealth? Who build splendid mansions for the abode of wealth and culture? Who build our magnificent floating palaces? Who produce the rich fruits with which they are laden? The men who till the soil, who work the mines, who run the furnaces, who toil in the shops, to gain the support they so honestly earn. When financial disaster comes, who suffers the most? Is it the man with his millions? By no means—but the working, toiling millions, that are victims to this unequal distribution of money. Every manufacture can afford to pay good wages when he can sell what his laborers produce at remunerative prices; so also, should capital pay for its luxuries and extravagances in an equal ratio. No capital should remain in an unemployed condition when a country abounding in mineral wealth, as does ours, offers such inducements. Let capital seek out locations for manufactories, open our mines, construct our railways, instead of being hoarded and subject to locality prejudices, and employ the thousands who now suffer through the mismanagement of the very men whose coffers they have helped to swell. Our country is rich in resources, and to assist their development is the duty of her citizens. How different would be the condition of the laboring men in this State if the money within its borders was put to use, and those desiring to work were given employment at remunerative prices.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—The fifteen great American inventions of world-wide adoption are: 1. The cotton gin. 2. The planing machine. 3. The grass mower and reaper. 4. The rotary printing press. 5. Navigation by steam. 6. The hot air engine. 7. The sewing machine. 8. The India rubber industry. 9. The machine manufacture of horseshoes. 10. The sand blast for carving. 11. The gauge lathe. 12. The grain elevator. 13. Artificial ice making on a large scale. 14. The electric magnet and its practical application. 15. The composing machine for printers. A sixteenth must be added—the telephone.

—Heaven's gates are wide enough to admit every sinner in the universe who is penitent.

A Night Among Other Worlds.

Whoever reads good old Thomas Dick's description of his astronomical observatory on the top of his house in Scotland, commanding a view of forty miles of hill and valley scenery along the Tay, must feel a desire to follow the author in his studies of the stars. And, indeed, the amount of instruction and amusement a small astronomical telescope is capable of affording cannot be appreciated by the man who never owned one. Some of the most famous telescopes in existence are owned by English amateurs, and most charming descriptive books on astronomy have been written by Englishmen who do not pretend to be professional astronomers. In this country we not only have purer skies than those of England, and a more favorable situation in latitude, but some of our opticians have astonished the scientific men of Europe by their achievements in telescope making. Yet the number of Americans who own and use telescopes, outside of the observatories, is comparatively small.

Among the first objects that the amateur who has become the possessor of an astronomical telescope turns to are the planets, the earth's brother and sister worlds. Although it is beyond expectation that any telescope will ever be constructed powerful enough to show us the possible inhabitants of any of the planets, yet every increase of telescopic power reveals new features, and such a discovery as that of the existence of continents, oceans and snow fields in Mars—the correctness of which may be tested by any one who has a good telescope of three or four inches aperture—is enough to stir the imagination of the most indifferent.

The first of the planets that the young telescopist tries, and, with the possible exception of Venus, the best known of them is Jupiter, the giant of the family. To the unassisted eye this planet, which is 1,300 times as bulky as the earth, appears as a very bright star of a slightly yellowish hue, and of a pretty steady light. His four moons can be seen with a first-rate spy-glass, but not to advantage. To see Jupiter and his moons well, a power of not less than fifty diameters should be employed on a three-inch telescope. Such a power gives a beautiful view of the planet and the four satellites, all in one field. The difference in the size and color of the moons can be perceived with careful watching, and the startling phenomenon of the sudden extinguishment of the moons as they pass into the great conical shadow the planet throws out into space behind him is distinctly seen. When magnified fifty times, by which is meant fifty diameters, or 2,500 times superficially. Jupiter appears larger than the full moon does to the naked eye. The famous belts can be seen with such a power, but to reveal their details a power of at least 150 or 200 should be used. Then the two great equatorial belts may be seen, stretching with broken edges and many rifts across the disk; and the narrower belts and zones of shade near the poles, the regions of varying colors, and any large spots that may be present, are clearly revealed. The most beautiful phenomena, however, are the transits of the moons and their shadows across the broad, yellow disk of the planet. These are of frequent occurrence, and can be well seen with a three-inch glass of good construction. Every time that one of the moons in its circuit about the planet comes between the sun and Jupiter its shadow can be seen upon the disk like a round ink spot. If the telescope is a fine one and the air steady, the moon itself may be seen against the bright background of the disk. In certain situations the shadow of the moon is thrown forward, so that it may be clearly seen far advanced upon the disk while the moon is yet shining against the clear sky. Hundreds of other interesting observations may be made upon this planet with small telescopes.

Saturn is, if possible, even more interesting as a telescopic object than Jupiter. His vast rings are unlike any other known object in the heavens. When the observer for the first time turns his telescope upon the dull, medium-sized star, for such Saturn appears to be to the naked eye, and beholds a golden ball suspended in the sky and circled by two broad, concentric rings that, it is easily seen, are completely separated both from the planet and from each other, he cannot repress an exclamation of astonishment. The pictures of this wonderful planet in books of astronomy give no adequate idea of his marvelous beauty when viewed through a good telescope. A power of fifty diameters will just show the existence of the rings, but powers of 250 to 400 are needed to bring out clearly all the wonderful details of the scene. The strange dark, or gauze, ring within the two bright ones is not easily seen with small telescopes. In a good three-inch glass the black shadow of the ball is plainly seen upon the rings back of the planet, and close inspection reveals the narrow line of shade that the rings cast upon the ball. There are delicate markings on the planet that form a test both of the powers of the telescope and of the eye. Saturn has eight moons, and very beautiful they look, thronging like golden bees about the rings. Only five can be seen with a good three and a half or four inch glass, but Titan, their chief, which is nearly as large as the planet Mars, can be seen with a much smaller glass. For the next four or five years the rings will slowly open wider, and their beauty will increase month by month.

Venus, which shines as the most brilliant star in the heavens, is a splendid telescopic object. The orbit of Venus, unlike that of Jupiter and Saturn, is within that of the earth, and consequently she is never seen except in the West after sunset, or in the East before sunrise. When nearly between the sun and the earth Venus is often so bright as to be visible at noonday. Then a power of twenty-five diameters shows the planet in the form of a beautiful crescent of dazzling whiteness. With higher powers she may be made to look many times larger, and more brilliant than the crescent moon. As she circles through her orbit Venus presents in succession all the phases of the moon. She is, however, so dazzling that the best telescopes are baffled in the attempt to study her features. Schroter, a famous German observer, thought he had discovered mountains in Venus nearly thirty miles high. Astronomers are generally agreed that Venus closely resembles the earth a physical condition, enjoying the same change of seasons, with considerably brighter sunshine, and that if, as seems highly probable, she is inhabited, the inhabitants are very like ourselves.

Mercury, which is yet nearer the sun than Venus is, on that account, difficult to find except at certain favorable periods. He shows the same phases as Venus on a smaller scale. Very high mountains, it is believed, have also been seen in Mercury. If he has inhabitants it has been conjectured that, on account of their proximity to the sun, they must possess the heat-enduring powers of salamanders.

Mars, which is the next planet outside the earth, is, in some respects, the most interesting of all. It does not require a very large telescope to show the continents and oceans that variegate his surface and the patches of snow about his poles which wax and wane with the seasons. With the aid of a map of Mars the possessor of a good telescope may spend many hours in the delightful task of locating the lands and seas of this distant planet, which it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to picture dotted with cities and fleets. It should be said that some astronomers, arguing from Mars's planetary age, say that his inhabitants, if any are left, must be beings inferior to ourselves. A power of one hundred and fifty on a three-inch telescope will show Mars's polar snow caps. With a power of two hundred and fifty or three hundred, the principal lands and seas may be identified in good weather, and when the planet is favorably situated in his orbit. Vast masses of clouds are sometimes seen obscuring the details of the disk, and hiding whole continents, as the continents of the earth would be hidden, during long-continued and wide-spread rains, from an observer on Mars. The remarkable ruddy color of Mars has been referred by some to the color of his soil, as if it were like the red sand of northern New Jersey. Others have thought that Martial vegetation may be red instead of green. Still others have supposed the color to be due to the density of the planet's atmosphere.

The asteroids, or small planets, of which over two hundred have been discovered, are too minute to be of much interest to the amateur telescopist, some of them being only a few miles in diameter. The huge planets Uranus and Neptune, which stand like sentinels on the frontiers of the solar system, and require more than a man's lifetime to make a single revolution around the sun, are so far away that the most powerful telescopes in existence have not served to clearly reveal their giant features, and the glasses of amateurs can do no more than barely distinguish them from fixed stars.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Wonderful Miracles Performed by an Unassuming Man in Virginia.

A special to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* from Wytheville, Va., April 13, tells the following remarkable story:

For some weeks past the people of Scott County have been terribly excited over the miracles which have been performed by Richard Miller, of that county. His fame has extended all over that section of the State, and hundreds of the afflicted are daily visiting him. Miller is a middle-aged man, employed as the keeper of McMullin's mill, near Estillville. He is deeply religious, and claims to have had a dream, a month ago, in which the idea was impressed on him that, with God's help, he could perform wonderful cures, simply through faith. He states that the next day after a fervent prayer he healed a sick man by touching him. The intelligence of the miracle went all over the country, and the afflicted of all kinds came to him and were healed, simply by the touch of his hand. Yesterday G. R. Wertz, a photographer at Abingdon, visited Miller in company with a paralytic uncle, the seat of the paralysis being in the mouth, which deprived him both of the powers of speech and hearing. Miller looked at the afflicted man, and after a short prayer touched him and told him that before he reached home he would be well. Last night, as Mr. Wertz entered the door of his house on his return, his hearing and speech came back to him, and to-day he is apparently hale and hearty. Miss Irene Newton, a beautiful young lady of Bristol, Tenn., helpless from rheumatism, was brought to Miller last week and when an attempt was made to lift her into the carriage she rose from a sedan chair and said she was entirely well. One of the most wonderful miracles of Miller was the cure of Mr. Peter Whitesell, who has been for some years afflicted with cancer. The cancer was touched, and in three days had disappeared. The miracle-worker is an exceeding modest man, and always indignantly declines any compensation for his services, alleging that he is but the humble instrument of God. He takes no credit to himself for the performance of these miracles. All the people in his section believes firmly in his miraculous powers.

Influence of Light on Vegetation.

Among the more recent discoveries of science is the fact that it is not merely light, but the different kinds of light, that have particular influences on vegetation. Dr. Schuheler, the distinguished botanist of Christiana, in Norway, has shown that the seed of wheat brought from the most extreme point that wheat will ripen produces plants which ripen their seed more quickly than more southern seed grown at the same place, and the plants from northern seed are richer in carbo-hydrates. The brightness of color, also, both in leaves and flowers, increases with the altitude, or the approach to the Pole, and this seems to result from the peculiar light of these regions. At Christiana the sun during the summer solstice, remains below the horizon only about five hours. At Bodo, in Nordland, it does not fall at all below the horizon from the 2d of June till the 11th of July. At Hamerfest it is above the horizon from the 15th of May to the 29th of July. So that in these parts of the world the plants have a sort of "morning sun" to grow under continuously for nearly two months. This peculiar light seems more favorable to certain chemical elements in plants. The common caraway seed is found to be richer in the volatile oil which gives it the well-known aroma when grown at Christiana than further south. On the other hand, the brighter light of more southern latitudes favors the saccharine products of plants.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A Spring Day---A New England Idyl.

Up, friend! leave your law case, your sermon, your accounts, and come out for an hour into this delicious day, bracing as winter and sweet as spring. The new life of the year is stirring in the trees whose tops begin to redden, and in the brown pastures where watchful eyes can already see the green. The joy of the season is singing in a million bluebirds' and robins' throats, the cocks crow gaily, the caw of the big black crow flapping overhead with ragged wing has a cheery tone. All living creatures feel the tingle and throb of the great tide of life that sweeps in with the returning sun. See yonder two dogs, how they frolic, how they crouch and wheel and charge and roll each other over and pretend to bite. "Pure mongrels," both of them, and as happy as if they were the most aristocratic Irish setters! See near by the tree full of flowers that have lasted the winter through. That is a tulip-tree, holding up its thousand delicate ghostly cups. Its grand trunk rises straight and unbroken full thirty feet, then branches in symmetry, and holds up as if to catch the sunshine and the rain in its fairy goblets. And here is an oak that has not yet let go its grip on last year's dead leaves. How sharply the snow rattled on them! as if clashing on the iron which naturalists say the sturdy tree holds in its blood. Whoever sees these last oak leaves fall? And who knows where this dry, dead grass vanishes when the green blades fill all its room? Look at the horse-chestnut; already its buds are shiny. It must wait a good while before their "leetle hands unfold. Softer 'n a boy's be at three days old." Of course it is Lowell who says that—the laureate, some of us think him, of this blessed old Yankee land. Who else has sung of its heroes as he has done in the Commemoration Ode; what other can match the rustic flavor of The Courtin'; and who is in closer sympathy with all the ins and outs of nature in her New England dress? Truly can he say of himself that he "loves her 's though she was a woman."

Sharp whistles the wind to-day, but it is the breath of life that it breathes into us. It comes down from yonder hills where the snow is shining yet. Grandly on the horizon lies Mount Tom, like a crouching lion, guardian over the fair valley. Where the mountain line breaks, between him and his twin sentinel, Holyoke, we know that the broad Connecticut sweeps past Hockanum—whence came that queer old name? The glorious river—what an unfailing joy it is to the eye as it curves and winds on its leisurely, steadfast course to the sea. There at our feet is another river, a little brook flowing in clear stream over the roadside sand, born of the last shower and living till the sun drinks it up. And beside it are half a dozen happy boys, paddling with their bare feet, making muddams, scraping new channels and short cuts for the stream. Have you forgotten what fun that was when you were a boy?

And here we come to that gem of scenery, Mill river, between Blake's woods and Ames hill. How black is its still water, how smooth as a steel mirror; what perfect pictures it gives back of its woody and snow-touched banks. The woods above are solemn as that grandest work of man, an old-world cathedral, and free as only the Lord's own works are free with the music of the wind in the great pine tops; the tender, infinite sky revealing itself through their tracery; the columnar trunks swaying now like a ship's masts. How at evening the setting sun glows between their black shafts; how ethereal the light that then fills the spaces of the wood; how the stars look down through the branches in the living stillness of the night. A few steps, and below up in the hollow lies the city; all its commonplaceness charmed away, the vulgar noises of the streets blended in a low murmur. Not one human life moves in those streets, commonplace and vulgar though it may seem, but has its own charm and beauty, if we could find the right view point, or if our sight went deep enough.

Now we turn toward the Wilbraham hills, over which all day long the sun and clouds paint marvelous pictures. Across a plowed field darts in swift zigzag a gleam of blue; then perched on a fence rails sends a thrilling song. The bluebird is the true voice of early spring, as is the bobolink of later spring. Bobolinks and apple-blossoms come together in the prodigal time of May. Our Northern spring is the most arrant of coquettes—the most delicious in allurement, the swiftest in retreat. One day she seems to pour her whole heart out to us, and we think she is ours once and for all; next day she pelts us with sleet; buffets, freezes us—she?—nay, she is gone, and we never shall see her again; it is the sourest shrew in the whole sisterhood of the year that has come in her stead! But the true lover thinks not so. He knows her woman's heart—coying it a little, holding back her treasure till she sees if her worshiper be faithful—to pour it out all unstinted at the last, when May's perfect bridal day shall usher in the full and fruitful marriage blessing of the year.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

An Apache Running Down a Deer.

When sufficiently near the hunter takes his aim, and, making a slight noise with his foot on the ground, which causes the deer to turn toward him, has a good chance to hit it in the middle of the forehead. But if he misses the mark, or his gun misses fire, then the fun begins in earnest, and one of the finest races in the world can be witnessed—a naked Indian and a frightened deer at full speed. If the deer should happen to be not more than a year old, it is of no use following it, as it will then outrun any Indian, and run longer without giving out, but if two or three years old, or older, a good runner will bring it down in a few hours, or certainly within fifty or sixty miles. (The narrator, Jose Mendivil, here insists that a good runner among the Apaches can run one hundred and twenty-five miles in twenty-four hours easily.) The deer starts at full speed, making long leaps of from ten to thirty feet. At first he gains rapidly on the Indian, but the latter follows, every now and then uttering frightful yells, but never for a moment halting or losing the trail. The deer, when out of sight, halts and looks back, but soon his pursuer comes in sight, when he bounds on with longer leaps than at first; finally he makes for water, a spring or stream, and when he gets there halts and drinks all he wants. Now there is no hope for him, for after he drinks he cannot run so fast or leap so far. Pretty soon the Indian comes in sight again, while the tired deer rests a moment, but the tired hunter never halts to drink, not if his mouth is as dry as ashes, for by so doing he not only looses time, but cannot run so fast afterward. On he goes, never resting, either on the hill or on the mountain. If the deer takes to the top of the highest mountain, right on his track the Apache follows. By and by the Indian sees a blood stain on a rock, where the deer has stumbled and skinned his knee or struck his nose. He knows now the race will soon be ended, and runs faster than at first, while the deer loses ground every minute. When the deer sees the Apache close upon him he stops suddenly by a rock or bush, and turns. Sometimes as soon as he stops he drops down fainting, or even dead from fatigue. If not dead already, when the Indian seizes him by the head and hind legs, he makes but little resistance, and is dispatched with the knife. The hunter now cuts out a fine piece and eats it, taking not a moment's rest for fear of getting stiff, but puts the deer on his shoulders, or, if too heavy, a part of it, placing the rest in a secure place, and then trots back to his camp, having traveled perhaps a hundred miles without resting. The next day some one will take his back-track for the balance of the game.—*San Francisco Post.*

A Vacillating Bear.

My negro gardener came to me one evening in great alarm, and stated that his twin sons, Mango and Chango, had taken out his gun that morning and had been missing ever since. I at once loaded my rifle, loosed my Cuban bloodhound, and followed the man to his hut. There I put the dog upon the boys' scent, following on horseback myself.

It turned out that the young scamps had gone on the trail of a large bear, though they were only thirteen years old, and their father had often warned them not to meddle with wild beasts. They began their adventure by hunting the bear, but ended, as often happens, in being hunted by the bear, for Bruin had turned upon them, and chased them so hard that they were fain to drop the gun and take to a tree.

It was a sycamore of peculiar shape, sending forth from its stem many small, but only two large, branches. These two were some thirty feet from the ground, and stretched almost horizontally in opposite directions. They were as like each other as the twin brothers themselves. Chango took refuge on one of these, Mango on the other.

The bear hugged the tree till he had climbed as far as the fork. There he hesitated an instant, and then began to creep along the branch which supported Chango. The beast advanced slowly and gingerly, sinking his claws into the bark at every step, and not depending too much upon his balancing powers.

Chango's position was now far from pleasant. It was useless to play the trick—well known to bear-hunters—of enticing the animal out to a point where the branch would yield beneath its great weight, for there was no higher branch within Chango's reach, by catching which he could save himself from a deadly fall—thirty feet sheer.

Three more steps, and the bear would be upon him, or he would be upon the ground. Brave as the boy was, his teeth chattered.

At this moment, Mango, nerved to heroism by his brother's peril, moved rapidly from the opposite limb of the tree. Stepping behind the bear, he grasped with one hand a small higher bough, which extended to where he stood, but not to where his brother lay; with the other hand he seized the animal firmly by its stumpy tail. The bear turned to punish his rash assailant; but, angry as he was, he turned cautiously, It was no easy task to right-about-face on a branch which already had begun to tremble and sway beneath his weight.

Chango was saved, for the bear evidently had transferred his animosity to Mango, whom he pursued, step by step, toward the extremity of the other limb. But Chango was not the boy to leave his brother and rescuer in the lurch. Waiting until the enraged brute was well embarked upon Mango's branch, he pulled its tail, as he had seen his brother do before. Again Bruin turned awkwardly, and resumed the interrupted chase of Chango.

The twins continued their tactics with success. Whenever the bear was well advanced on one limb, and dangerously close to one twin, the other twin would sally from the other limb and pull his tail. The silly animal always would yield to his latest impulse of wrath, and suffer himself to be diverted from the enemy who was almost in his clutches.

After two hours of disappointment, he learned his mistake. He was now, for the tenth time, on Chango's branch, and very near Chango. In vain Mango dragged at his hinder extremity; he kept grimly on till Mango, forced to choose between letting go the brute's tail or the higher branch which enabled him to keep his feet, let go the former.

Chango could now retreat no farther, and he was hardly a yard beyond the bear's reach. The branch was swaying more than ever, and the beast seemed quite aware that he might tax its strength too far. After a pause, he advanced one of his fore feet a quarter of a yard. To increase the bear's difficulty in seizing him, the terrified boy let himself down and swung with his hands from the bough.

He was hanging in suspense between two frightful deaths. His heart was sinking, his fingers were relaxing.

Then the deep baying of a hound struck his ear, and his hands again closed firmly on the branch. In a moment, a bloodhound and a horseman sprang through the underwood.

Chango held on like grim death—held on till he heard the sharp report of a rifle ringing through the air; held on till the falling carcass of the bear passed before his eyes; held on till I had climbed the tree, crawled along the branch, and, grasping his wearied wrist, had assisted him to get back to the fork of the tree, and rest a bit.

If that bear only had understood in time that a boy in the hand is worth two in the bush, he might have lengthened his days and gone down with honor to the grave!—*F. Blake Crofton, in St. Nicholas for April.*

—How contagious is the laugh of some people, how jarring that of others, like playing on a worn-out piano.